

THE PRAIRIE NEWS.

Weekly Newspaper, Devoted to Politics, Latest News, Literature, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, Home Industry, &c., &c.

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMEST AT BE THY COUNTRY'S, GOD'S AND TRUTH'S."

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POETRY.

FAIREST, SWEETEST, DEAREST.

BY MRS. OPIE.

Say, by what name can I impart
My sense, dear girl, of what thou art?
Nay, though to frown thou dar'st,
I'll say thou art of girls the pride,
And though the modest lip may chide,
Mary! I'll call thee—fairest.

Yet no—that word can but express
The soft and winning loveliness
In which the sight thou meetest;
But not thy heart—thy temper, too—
So good, so sweet—ah! that will do!
Mary! I'll call thee—sweetest!

But fairest, sweetest, vain would be
To speak the love I feel for thee;
Why smilest thou as thou hearest?
"Because," she cried, "one little name
Is all I wish from thee to claim—
That precious name is—Dearest!"

"OUR DAUGHTERS LEAVE US."

This is our daughters' leave us,
Those we love and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to help us,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!"

[Longfellow.]

MISCELLANY.

(CONCLUDED.)

[From the Mississippi University Magazine.]

ANNIE WOODLEY;

CHAPTER IV.

"There is one affection which no stain
Of earth can ever darken; when two find—
The softer and the manlier—that a chain
Of kindred taste has fastened mind to mind,
'Tis an attraction from all sense refined,
The good can only know it."

The glorious beams of evening's fair
Sun are weaving a tracery around "Rose
Valley." There is sunshine gleaming
Through the trellis-work of the latticed
porch, and there is sunshine peeping
between the clustering roses and vines that
curtain the window of Annie Woodley's
boudoir. This light, so soft and flicker-
ing, reflected the trembling foliage, and
lay in a rich shadow of network on the
floor; then the golden tracery rested
lovingly upon the rich raven tresses which
fell over the shoulders of the young girl,
as leaning her arm on the window sill,
she bent her head lower and lower, till
her hair mingled with the flowers and
green leaves which clustered thickly
around. Ever and anon a tiny hand
swept mechanically across the strings of
a guitar that is lying beside her. Her
thoughts are far away, and she knows
naught that is passing around her. She
is more beautiful now than in former
days. Her countenance now partakes of
that lofty beauty which suffering brings.
Attired in a simple dress of white, and
her full figure free from the artificial re-
straints imposed on the devotees of fash-
ion, with no ornaments save a necklace
of pearl, she appeared far lovelier in her
chastened beauty than she had ever done
in those days when joy danced through
the rosy hours, and life to her was made
so beautiful by his dear smile. The
young girl's heart was engulphed in a
sea of bitter dreams, and a moan of un-
utterable anguish escaped her lips. A
shadow darkened the vine-wreathed case-
ment, and "Annie," murmured low and
tremulously by a voice whose music she
drank in too eagerly, fell upon her ear.
Looking up, she saw Frank Linwood be-
fore her. With an eager cry of joy, she
sprang forward with extended hands to
meet him; then stopping suddenly, she
hastily bowed in deep confusion, and said
in a strangely altered voice: "Good
evening, Mr. Linwood; walk in."

"No, here I will stay until I know my
doom," he replied in a tone of mournful
tenderness. "You are my own Annie
still. Your action revealed it. Why
did you pause so suddenly? Is not your
home still here?" said he, seating him-
self beside her, and drawing her head
upon his bosom. "Explain, I entreat
you, the meaning of that cruel note."

"I thought my words were sufficiently
eloquent," replied she, coldly, with-
drawing the hand which he still clasped.
When she looked upon his face, she was
alarmed. It seemed as if a wave of ag-
ony had passed over it, and the rigidly
compressed lips told how fearful was the
struggle in that proud heart.

"Do you doubt me, Annie?" at length
burst passionately from his lips. "If
you could only see—"

"To no hour can I turn, since I first saw
you, Annie, when your sweet face did not
shine in my soul, the brightest star in its
heaven of pure thoughts. In the boy's
enthusiastic imagination, you were en-
shrined an idol, but as manhood's deep
life and wild struggles opened before me,
that star was the harbinger of a brighter
day. Its light is dimmed, a cold, dewy
night of hopeless misery settles around.
Oh, God! how I have loved! Annie,
can you doubt me?"

The mystic treasures of woman's heart
shone in the clear depths of her eye as
she met his soul-speaking gaze. She
now knew he was not false, and placing
her hand confidently in his, she murmur-
ed: "My love, my life are yours."

"Then you do love me, my Annie,"
he cried, rapturously folding her to his
heart. "Love me, even as I have loved."

"No word was spoken, all was feeling—
The silent transport of the heart."

but he knew his answer from the smile
of ineffable tenderness that played around
her mouth. The whirlwind of despair had
only swept around them, to prove how
bravely true was human love; but Hope's
pure sunlight again danced in the soul's
heaven, and reflected the smile of happi-
ness. Hours passed on untold. When
was time ever marked by happy hearts?
Words of endearment, vows of unchange-
able devotion were repeated o'er and
again, and the hour of parting drew near.

"Now, Annie," said Frank, as he was
preparing to leave, "will you not tell me
what caused you to write me that horri-
ble letter?"

"I heard you loved Elsie Lawrence,
Frank, and wished to marry her," replied
she, blushing deeply.

"Loved Elsie Lawrence! Why, An-
nie, could you believe it? Love her!
yes, I do, as a dear, dear sister, for such
she is to me. And for this you doubted me!"

"Forgive me, Frank; if you knew
I was tried, you could not
blame me."

"Tell me the name of the fiend who
whispered the falsehood in your ear. If
'tis a man, he shall rue it."

He was a resistless pleader, so she re-
plied:—"You must first promise not to
revenge the injury, for you would endan-
ger your own life," said she, tremulously.

"Will you promise?"

After a slight pause Frank answered,

"I will, though 'tis a sacrifice to do so."

"Your friend, Archie Stanley." She
then recounted all that had passed be-
tween Stanley and herself, only omitting
his confession of love, which womanly
delicacy prompted her to conceal. Frank
Linwood's brow grew balefully dark in
spite of his new transition to happiness.

He compared Annie's artless recital with
Stanley's words to himself—words he
then deemed of deep, pure friendship,
and felt convinced of his perfidy.

"He loves her himself, and seeks to
entrance us," was his secret thought, but
he did not breathe it to her who sat be-
side him. "Oh, Annie, this thing is so
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"He loves her himself, and seeks to
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